

M. B. McLEOD
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The Wainwright Star

M. B. McLEOD
DRAYING & TEAMING
Phone 140 for Service

VOLUME XVIII NUMBER 45

WAINWRIGHT ALBERTA, WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 15th., 1926

Price \$2.00 Per Year in Advance

MEETINGS TO BE HELD IN INTEREST OF HOSPITAL VOTE

According to the notice published elsewhere in this issue, Returning Officer Dempsey now has all things arranged for the taking of the vote on the Municipal Hospital Scheme. The polling day has been set for Saturday, October 2nd, next, when the several polls as enumerated will be open between the hours of nine a.m. and seven p.m.

Those who may vote are ratepayers in residence within the boundaries of the proposed hospital district, or their wives or husbands, and the sons and daughters over the age of 21 years who are also resident in the same area. In cases where the voter's name does not appear upon the list of voters, he or she may vote upon subscribing to "Form D" as set out in the Hospitals Act.

In connection with the scheme, members of the Board are holding public meetings at different schoolhouses etc. in the district, so that all may have a full opportunity of gaining enlightenment upon the merits of the project.

Tonight (Wednesday) a meeting will be held at St. John's school, while on Saturday next, Buffalo View school will be the rendezvous.

On Sunday evening next, a mass meeting is to be held in the theatre after the church services (about nine p.m.) and in addition to the speaker there will be a short musical programme.

Other meetings are arranged for to date include: Tuesday, Sept. 28th., at Orange Hall, Gilt Edge; Wednesday, Sept. 29th., Roseberry School and Thursday, Sept. 30th., at Heath School.

At practically all these meetings Mr. A. Whiston, the supervisor of provincial hospitals, of Edmonton, will give an address, while at the meetings in the theatre on Sunday next, the pastors of all the local churches will be in attendance.

It is hoped that Sunday's meeting may see a packed audience to hear the speakers on this momentous question.

LOCAL NOTES

If the fine weather continues, the hum of the threshing machine will soon be general throughout the district and one of the best crops the country has seen for many years will start to flow towards the world's markets.

***A whist drive is being put on by the Adeline lodge of Rebekahs on Monday next in the C.N.R. clubroom when all are invited. Supper will be served. Tickets 50c each.

Rev. Dr. McQueen, of Edmonton, took the services at St. Andrew's church and also at Park Road on Sunday last. While in town he was a guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. Dineen.

***Edmonton housewives have their cellars full of water! you had better fill yours with Newcastle coal and dry wood from the Atlas yard. Phone 57.

WAIN. SCHOOL BOARD HOLD THEIR REGULAR ROUTINE MEETING

The regular meeting of the School Board was held in the school offices on September 6th., when all members were present.

The minutes of the previous meeting having been confirmed; the report of Principal Hollinshead was accepted and ordered filed on a motion by Trustees Bowerman and Middlemas.

The secretary presented the following bills and accounts:

Alta. Gov't. Phones	\$3.25
Electric Light	\$4.00
Washdrugs Hardware	\$64.88
B. Laird, labor	\$13.20
Telegrams & Stps.	\$3.50
J. Wilkins, salary	\$100.00
G. Steel, salary	\$100.00
School Fair Grant	\$45.00

Boyd-Fraser—That the Finance Committee's report be accepted and the bills ordered paid—Carried.

The caretaker presented a report of work done covering July and August and the same was accepted and ordered placed on file.

GREENFIELD TO TAKE UP IMMIGRATION QUESTION WITH FEDERAL GOVT.

Edmonton.—As soon as the skies have cleared after elections and it is known for sure who is to be in authority at Ottawa, Hon. Herbert Greenfield will go east for the purpose of talking over the question of immigration and colonization with the Dominion government. The main object of this conference will be to ascertain now and to what extent the provincial and federal authorities can co-operate in preventing the over-lapping of work and expenditure along the lines of land settlement.

THRESHING RETURNS ARE PROVING QUITE GOOD SAYS REPORT

The general crop report says that early threshing returns are favorable both as to yield and grade, over large areas in the Prairie Provinces but harvesting operations have been held up by heavy rains for the greater part of the past week. Some sprouting in stocks has taken place, and several yields of clear cool weather are necessary before the threshing can be resumed generally. In Quebec crops in general are satisfactory with average yields. In Ontario harvesting has again been interrupted by heavy rains which have done further damage to late grains. All other crops are doing well, but dry weather is needed. In the Maritime Provinces weather conditions generally have been good, and crops are making satisfactory progress. In British Columbia favourable weather continues, and grain and apple crops are averaging up well.

TRENCHING NOW IN HAND FOR NEW GAS MAINS

The past week has surely seen a very big step forward in regard to the natural gas supply in town.

Gangs of men have been busy with the big ditcher machine, and nearly all the trenching is completed for the smaller mains to supply the gas. In some of our lanes other gangs are busy coupling up these pipes, while yet a third bunch are at work on the back-filling, which, indeed, in some instances is now completed.

We learn that it is their intention to finish off the ditching work in the town for the pipes which are already on the ground, and the machine is now at work on the main line trench from the gas well. This big main will be laid just as soon as the pipe there for arrives, which we learn is to be on Saturday next. The gas welding outfits, with which the several mains are joined up in the trenches, and the pressure regulators, and such like material is also expected at this week end.

With regard to the work which is to be done on private property to supply the residences, etc., the following is a scale of charges which has been set out by the contractor. This will be for the work from the supply main to the meter in the house, and is based upon a one-inch pipeline (which is the size necessary for the ordinary house supply).

Price per running foot:—
On time payment plan,35c
If Cash paid before installing30c
On owner digs and fills22c
Pipe only (not delivered)17c
(The last two items are cash)

The above prices all include the tar-dipping of the pipe and the necessary couplings for the line. For other services requiring larger pipes the prices will be somewhat higher.

There seems to be still a number of citizens who have either neglected to attend to the matter or are indifferent as to signing up for their supply until the trench is actually working behind their property, but it may well be pointed out that it is for the purpose of facilitating matters generally as well to obtain an approximate number as to the meters, etc. required, and so far as possible those applications which are first received will be the first supply to be installed. Get your application signed at the gas office in The Star office building.

We understand that the School Board has signed up for the three schools, and that the main is being laid for the supply to the C.N.R. roundhouse.

FULL PRIZE LIST OF WINNERS AT WAIN. SCHOOL FAIR

The youngsters who are to receive congratulations this week on their recent successes at the school fair are without doubt fore-runners of much better products from the farms in the district in the coming years; and the various stagings of exhibits at the fair last week well proves this.

The complete list of winners of prize in the various classes as enumerated are as follows, the school district from which the winner should be given in parenthesis:—

Class 1: Carrots—L. Schieck (W); 1: E. Morgan (F); 2: G. Taylor (W); 3: M. Rowe (W); 4: H. Wiley (W); 5: R. Sargeant (HL); 6: J. Sargeant (HL); 7: P. Sargeant (HL); 8: M. Baker (G); 9.

Class 2: Beets—D. Wilkins (W); 1: B. Haywood (A); 2: P. Stuart (W); 3: L. Hughes (HL); 4: M. Plater (HL); 5: G. Mills (W); 6: h. Morgan (F); 7: G. Schieck (W); 8: M. Haire (G); 9.

Class 3: Parsnips—M. Haire (G); 1: H. Wiley (W); 2: E. Morgan (F); 3: J. Middlemass (W); 4: A. Hill (G); 5: M. Seabrook (S); 6: T. Rattray (G); 7: I. Mills (W); 8: J. Rattray (G); 9.

Class 4: Turnips—F. Baker (G); 1: M. Baker (G); 2: B. Haire (G); 3: G. Ebbena (A); 4: M. Haire (G); 5: T. Rattray (G); 6: C. Sargeant (HL); 7: M. Dewar (G); 8: P. Stuart (W); 9.

Class 5: Mangels—L. Sargeant (HL); 1: G. Mills (W); 2: C. Sargeant (HL); 3: G. Schieck (W); 4: I. Mills (W); 5: P. Sargeant (HL); 6: M. Seabrook (S); 7: M. Plater (G); 8: M. Schieck (W); 9.

Class 6: Peas—W. Dewar (G); 1: M. Dewar (G); 2: E. Morgan (F); 3: F. Baker (G); 4: M. Plater (HL); 5: M. Baker (G); 6: D. Plater (HL); 7: J. Middlemass (W); 8: H. Wiley (W); 9.

Class 7: Cabbage—H. Wiley (W); 1: R. Sargeant (HL); 2: C. Sargeant (HL); 3: E. Morgan (F); 4: P. Sargeant (HL); 5: J. Mills (W); 6: G. Mills (W); 7: I. Mills (W); 8: I. Sargeant (HL); 9.

Class 8: Potatoes—J. Alm (W); 1: E. Haywood (A); 2: M. Haire (G); 3: W. Dewar (G); 4: A. McDougall (G); 5: M. Dewar (G); 6: F. Nelson (W); 7: G. Schieck (W); 8: A. Alexander (A); 9.

Class 9: Red Potatoes—A. Hill (G); 1: E. Morgan (F); 2: I. Mills (W); 3: E. Pickard (W); 4: A. Kinghorn (S); 5: R. Sargeant (HL); 6: F. Nelson (W); 7: J. Sargeant (HL); 8.

Class 10: Vase of Asters—R. Horne (W); 1: M. Johns (W); 2: E. Ebbena (A); 3: B. Bowerman (W); 4: M. Tolmie (W); 5: R. Sargeant (HL); 6: M. Baker (G); 7: F. Baker (G); 8: R. Ganderton (W); 9.

Class 11: Vase of Sweet Peas—M. Beckett (W); 1: M. Baker (G); 2: R. Ganderton (W); 3: B. Carroll (W); 4: N. Pickard (W); 5: S. Kinghorn (S); 6: E. McLuhan (W); 7: A. Kinghorn (S); 8: H. Wiley (W); 9.

Class 12: Vase of Petunias—M. Beckett (W); 1: R. Ganderton (W); 2: G. Schieck (W); 3: A. Alderman (W); 4: M. Fish (W); 5: I. Mills (W); 6: C. Sargeant (HL); 7: M. Schieck (W); 8: D. Wilkins (W); 9.

Class 13: Sheaf of Wheat—A. Hill (G); 1: J. Sargeant (HL); 2: J. Gregson (S); 3: R. Sargeant (HL); 4: A. Kinghorn (S); 5: I. Sargeant (HL); 6.

Class 14: Sheaf of Oats—A. Hill (G); 1: J. Sargeant (HL); 2: J. Gregson (S); 3: R. Sargeant (HL); 4: A. Kinghorn (S); 5: I. Sargeant (HL); 6.

Class 15: Sheaf of Corn—P. Sargeant (HL); 1: C. Sargeant (HL); 2: Class 20: Threshed Wheat—A. Hill (G); 1: I. Mills (W); 2: G. Mills (W); 3.

Class 21: Threshed Oats—R. Sargeant (HL); 1.

Class 22: Grade beef heater or steer—T. Rattray (G); 1: L. Valleau (HL); 2: G. Valleau (HL); 3.

Class 31: Pair of Pigs born current year—R. Haywood (A); 1: G. Valleau (HL); 2.

Class 32: Foal born current year—G. Valleau (HL); 1: S. Valleau (HL); 2: B. Haywood (A); 3.

THE WAINWRIGHT DOME SOON TO START DRILLING

From information to hand, things are shaping rapidly for the drilling of the first well for the Wainwright Dome Co. Pat Adams has again returned here and we learn that he is likely to consent to take charge of this hole. The work for this company will again extend the field a little further north in this district and with the splendid fact that a good paying well should be struck as their first venture.

After a long shut down from several causes, work is commencing again at the site of the old interior well west of town. Steam has been raised for the past few days and Roy Berray who is to take charge has been getting things ship-shape to re-commencing pounding down with the standard riser which is now rigged up.

Work still continues merrily with the crew at the Fabyan Pete churning out some extra hundred feet daily. The hole is now down over 1200 feet, and the progress made is proving satisfactory to all concerned. We expect to hear good reports from the first gas structure which was struck in the Maple Leaf well on adjoining property.

Very little excitement was evinced yesterday in the general election in this district. Just about an average vote was polled in town, with a decreased number of voters at the country points. This was no doubt due to some extent to the fact that threshing has now started.

A number of happy gatherings have been on the tapis this week by way of "showers" for Miss Maud Aykroyd, a bride of next week. On Monday Miss Lillas Boyd entertained at a linen party, and this afternoon Miss Dorothy Primrose will be hostess at a towel shower for the same guest of honor.

At the advance polls which was held in town for three evenings preceding voting day only a small number took advantage of this method of recording their choice of candidate.

***Don't forget that the A.P.P. will get you if you don't watch out! Make sure you have your shooting license with you when you go gunning—Get it at Washburn's Hardware. All kinds of sporting goods in stock.

Quite a fair number of our local motorists were out early this morning after the elusive ducks. Some nice bags are hoped for, too!

According to a well posted railway statistician, the average time taken by a railway train in passing a railway crossing is seven seconds. Arising out of this statement, the reckless motorist who tries to "beat the train to it" is being given a new name—"The seven-second man." No fewer than 1784 level crossing accidents occurred in the States last year, and in order to discourage this suicidal practice, a new slogan is in vogue: "Lost seven seconds and you may gain fifty years."

The family of the late Mr. Denoncourt wish to express their heartfelt thanks to their friends and neighbors for the kindness and sympathy shown in their recent sad bereavement, and also for the beautiful floral tributes.

Class 39: Pullet, Med. breed—A. Adams (W); 1.

Class 40: Cooking (10 and under)—D. Holloway (W); 1: M. Tolmie (W); 2: M. Plater (HL); 3: R. Sargeant (HL); 4: A. Brown (W); 5: L. Haywood (A); 6.

Class 41: Muffins—J. Dunmore; 1.

Class 42: Cockerel, Eng. or Am. breed—A. Hill (G); 1: M. Plater (G); 2: K. Kinghorn (S); 3: J. Alm (W); 4.

Class 43: Cockerel, Eng. or Am. breed—D. Plater (HL); 1.

Class 44: Pullet, Eng. or Am. breed—D. Plater (HL); 1.

Class 45: Cockerel, Mediterranean breed—A. Adams (W); 1.

Class 46: Cockerel, Mediterranean breed—A. Adams (W); 1.

Class 47: Cockerel, Mediterranean breed—A. Adams (W); 1.

Class 48: Cockerel, Mediterranean breed—A. Adams (W); 1.

WANTED: A MINISTER OF GAS & PETROLEUM

Why not a provincial minister of gas and petroleum?

Alberta needs a government department to assist and encourage the development of the province's oil resources.

The only body with which the industry comes into contact to any extent is the Public Utilities Board which is doing its best to discourage the formation of provincial companies. It has driven promoters of sound concerns to Ottawa through methods that oil men resent to tolerate. Apparently the commissioners do not understand the meaning of the word co-operation.

In spite of the fact that companies are being formed by the score no machinery has been devised for facilitating the granting of provincial charters. In Manitoba we have an illustration by a farmer government and prompt working together for promoting the development of the province's resources through the appointment of a commission to investigate applications for certificates, whose reports serve as a guide for the board. Incidentally the Manitoba board is granting a number of charters to oil companies which will drill in Alberta.

Ontario has found it profitable to have a minister of mines. Alberta oil development is taking place on a grand scale, comparable with that in the Cobalt district mine fields. In Hon. Chas. McRae the Ontario minister has had a head who understands the industry and the men behind it. The result has been the attraction of huge sums of foreign capital, a great deal of which would never have been brought in under an indifferent provincial government.

There is plenty to occupy the whole time of such a minister. Besides the multitude of problems involved in ever cropping up there is the question of supplying geological information that would guide the public in its investments and facilitate the selection of suitable leases. It is Alberta and not the Dominion so much that is to be transformed by the development of the provincial government, which will be taking over the oil resources anyway in the new future, should be responsible for setting out new maps.

Failure to do this is playing into the hands of the big corporation who have their experts go over likely sites of the death of Mr. Evariste Benoncourt, at his farm in the Gilt Edge district.

The deceased gentleman, who was 68 years of age, was born in St. George, Que., where he was married to his wife who pre-deceased him some nine years ago.

He came with his family to Edmonton twenty-eight years ago, and after a residence there of eight years, he moved on to the farm at Gilt Edge where he has since resided.

About five years ago, the late Mr. Benoncourt received some bad injuries while he was breaking in a reeve colt, which injuries later caused him to suffer the amputation of one leg. He has continued in fairly good health until some little ago when owing to a very high blood pressure he suffered a paralytic stroke. Some ten days ago he took another stroke and from the effect of this he never rallied, but passed away as stated above.

The deceased leaves to mourn his loss, one son—Mr. Joe Benoncourt—and three daughters—Mrs. T. O'Reilly, Mrs. W. Goulet, and Mrs. L. O'Reilly—all of whom are residents of the district, and to each of whom the sympathies of the community are extended in their bereavement.

The funeral, which was largely attended, took place on Saturday last, being conducted by Rev. Father LeMayre at St. Luke's church, after which the remains were conveyed to their last resting place at the Wainwright cemetery, the pall-bearers being Messrs. L. & T. O'Reilly, W. Goulet, E. Garneau, T. Gilroye and F. Traynor and others.

Many beautiful floral tributes were placed on the casket among which was a large cross from "The Children", a wreath from Mr. and Mrs. L. Minter, cross, Mr. and Mrs. Teeter, and also sprays from Mr. and Mrs. Plaxton, Mr. and Mrs. Goddard, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Davis, Mrs. Traynor and others.

The McLeod parlors had charge of the arrangements.

When the province is on the eve of the development of what will be its biggest industry it should at least benefit from the experience of Ontario and have a government department direct and encourage this development.

One reason is because local people know local conditions better, and another is that the return is very much higher. What would it profit the people of Alberta if all the capital required for the development of its oil resources came from outside the province? Where would the dividends go? They would not stay in Alberta.

Oil Examiner.

UNITED CHURCH LADIES AID OPEN FALL SEASON

The Ladies' Aid of the United Church resumed their monthly meetings on Tuesday last at the home of Mrs. S. Bowerman. There was a splendid attendance showing the enthusiasm for the fall work. This organization have planned their annual chicken dinner for Wednesday, October 7th, also setting Saturday, December 4th, as the date for their annual bazaar—which is projected to be bigger and better than ever. At the close, Messames Bowerman and Clark served a dainty lunch.

HOME COMPANY IN SOUTH FIELD WILL RESUME DRILLING

Drilling beyond the 2110-foot level will be resumed at the Home well, which is included in the British Petroleum's programme in the Turvey Valley field very shortly. At present the crew are running 12½ inch casing to the bottom of the well says the Oil Examiner.

Before the casing was run, 50 barrels of the high grade crude, was baled out of the well. This quantity does not represent more than half the amount that the well would be capable of producing, as there was considerable mud and cavings in the hole at the time. No oil has been baled since the crew began running the casing. The 12½ will be put down another 100 or 150 feet by under-remain in order to take care of any further oil that may be encountered within that distance.

It is estimated that another 450 feet will have to be drilled before the bottom of the Dakotas is reached. The Dakota sandstones, which were struck at 1900 feet in the Home, are approximately 660 feet thick at this point.

Without a hesitating moment from the start, it gathers refreshing speed as it proceeds until it establishes itself as one of the quickest, merriest, most human and thoroughly entertaining films ever shown.

Miss Dorothy Smith, of Edmonton is here for a short holiday as the guest of Miss Wainwright Foster.

OLD TIMER OF DISTRICT PASSES AFTER STROKE

On Thursday last, the entire community was shocked when they learned of the death of Mr. Evariste Benoncourt, at his farm in the Gilt Edge district.

The deceased gentleman, who was 68 years of age, was born in St. George, Que., where he was married to his wife who pre-deceased him some nine years ago.

He came with his family to Edmonton twenty-eight years ago, and after a residence there of eight years, he moved on to the farm at Gilt Edge where he has since resided.

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Oil Examiner.

SUNNY LAUGHTER MERRY JEST AND QUAINT DROLLENY

A charm that will rub the frowns from the face of mankind is D. W. Griffith's newest picture, "Sally of the Sawdust," now being shown at the Theatre, Friday and Saturday.

It is all sunny laughter, merry jest, quaint droleries tucked into an interesting story that marches along to a finish as funny and exciting as anything that has ever been delivered to the silver screen.

Certainly this new release is all Griffith, something different from the Griffith with which most are familiar. He has whipped aside all problems and all lessons, to tell one of the gayest stories of his career; really the funniest picture he has ever made and one ranking with the greatest of screen comedies.

Amid the sidelights of a circus with animals, bands and clowns, he has found the circus juggler and his fiery, fearless daughter who believes her "Pop" is a robber and all the merriest of a great man. To them the glamp of the circus is more than tinsel and he life is more than make-believe. Through comical hardships and serious gaieties, they struggle along with complications and intrigue, up to the door of the Judge's house in the end, in the merriest, most exciting finish the screen has offered in many months.

This classic of entertainment establishes the stardom of Carol Dempster who gives a memorable role as the circus wif.

Few pictures have offered such variety of scenes, such casual lavishness in dress as does "Sally of the Sawdust."

Without a hesitating moment from the start, it gathers refreshing speed as it proceeds until it establishes itself as one of the quickest, merriest, most human and thoroughly entertaining films ever shown.

Miss Dorothy Smith, of Edmonton is here for a short holiday as the guest of Miss Wainwright Foster.

Miss E. McLennan, of Edmonton, is now in charge at the Fabyan school.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Courcier, with Mrs. Courcier, senior, arrived on Monday by auto from Revelstoke, B.C., en route to visit relatives at Prince Albert, Sask. They stayed over for a day with their brother Dr. L. Courcier here.

The interior of the Henry Ward house is being re-arranged this week by Mackay and McQuaker.

Mr. W. (Nick) Carter, of Ottawa, is here this week filming some of the animals in the Buffalo park for the Parks department.

The members of Connaught Chapter, O.E.S., held a special meeting on Tuesday evening in honor of the visit of their worthy Grand Matron of the Grand Chapter of Alberta, Mrs. Langille, of Stettin, B.C. A delightful lunch was held at the close of the evening's proceedings.

"BORN TO THE WEST" IS TRULY A GREAT WESTERN

Zane Grey! The magical name of movie.

When scenes move before one's eyes what Zane Grey is mentioned. Moments of fast riding, exciting action, great thrills, fast gun-play and romantic love. Never is any one sequence repeated. The man stands alone in that everything which comes from his is unique in its own difference.

"Born to the West," the latest Zane Grey novel to reach the screen via Paramount's studio, is no exception to the rule. We are made to understand that it is, without a doubt, the finest of all the Westerns Paramount has ever made. When one thinks of "The Thundering Herd," "Wild Horse Mesa" and the "Vanishing American" this statement is one that can not easily be passed by.

The picture, which comes to the Elite Theatre on Mon. and Tues., was directed by John Waters.

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Follow the directions, shaking the contents in a glass of hot water and see the result.
NO FISH—NO TROUBLE.

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GOLDEN COCOON

RUTH CROSS

"The Golden Cocoon" with Helen Chadwick is a picture-story of this novel by Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.
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(Continued from last week)

At this juncture Aunt Lindy, who had hobbled out of the room a few minutes earlier on one of her abrupt and flitting absences, threw open the door with a flourish. "Merse Greg ter see you, honey," she announced with all the pomp and ceremony of the king's chief cleric.

Molly knew now who he was. That knowledge added the final drop—if one had been needed—to her bitterness and shame. He was the man who had given her her scholarship. How he must despise her. That she should be accepting further kindness from him—hospitality, even—was intolerable. She could not bring herself to look at him, but went on staring dully out of the window.

He drew up a chair and sat down near her. "By the way, do you happen to know what morning it is," he continued.

"Yes, it's Thursday and—she glanced briefly at the clock—"ten-fifteen."

He laughed. "I didn't mean the day of the week. Do you know what day of the month it is?"

She shook her head indifferently. "It's the twenty-seventh of September."

When she showed no interest, he added, "The university opens on the first of October."

Molly made no comment on that. Instead—still without looking at him—she said abruptly, "I want you to give me back my promise."

There was a moment's hesitation or perhaps it was only his usual deliberateness of manner. Finally, "That was what I wanted to talk to you about."

"You do give it back then?"

When there was again a pause, she hurried on in the dull, insistent monotone: "I've thought it all over—my mother, the children, my scholarship—everything. But it's too dreadful. I can't—I haven't the courage. I haven't any courage at all—I haven't anything! She broke off and fixed her eyes on the white sector of driveway."

"Of course I give it back," he conceded after a time, "but the trouble is, suicide never settles anything."

"At least it can rid me of this! Face averted, she made a strenuous gesture of unutterable abhorrence toward herself."

"My poor child, you think you are hurt in your soul, don't you? All your life you've had it hammered into you that the soul can be defiled. The truth is, the soul is like flame—clean like flame. You can't smirch flame can you?"

"I don't know. The flame in me has gone out."

"If the tree is young and—full of sap," Cochran pointed out in his mildly argumentative fashion, "you can put it together and make it grow." He was silent a little. Then he leaned forward, one big, firmly knitted hand on either knee. "That's what I want you to let me do for you."

She shook her head. "You can't—nobody can."

"I'm not so sure. By your own account, you've thrown your life away disclaimed it. How would it be if you sign it over to me—just chuck the responsibility, as you might say."

"That's impossible," she said dully. "One person can't take the responsibility for another."

"At least we could try it. You see I have a deep, ingrained aversion to waste, to useless destruction."

"Let us suppose, just for argument, that I have taken charge—that have decided you are to go back to school on Monday. As a matter of fact, he got to his feet with the effect of having arrived at a vital issue. "I've made the necessary arrangements at the dormitory for you already. That seems better under the circumstances than Mrs. Parker's."

"No—no—Molly put out her hand as if to thrust the suggestion from her—"not that. I tell you I haven't the courage. Besides, her hands dropped in her lap, her head sank forward again. "I'm not fit. They wouldn't even take me if they knew."

"They don't know."

"At least they know about—Stephen. Oh, I can't—I can't face it. Don't ask me."

"There is such a thing as just accepting a situation. Once you've done that, it's the simplest matter in the world. You have only to live over it—clear of it—serene as a god above the storm you were talking about while ago."

Molly lifted her head and looked at him—with the first gleam of interest she had shown. "That's the way you live, isn't it?" she said. "Serene as a god above a storm."

"She repeated the words musically. They had a pleasant, rhythmic sound. What was that other phrase she had liked? Oh yes, "He that dwelleth in the secret place of this Most High . . ."

They had the same feeling. He laughed and glanced at his watch. "I do take things pretty much as they come," he confessed.

At this juncture, there was a rap at the door. It opened and revealed—not Aunt Lindy—but the magnificent white-haired woman Molly had seen in the box.

She was magnificent indeed. She was faultless, consummate—in every detail, the exquisite waves of silver drawn from brow to ears, the web of creamy old lace at throat and wrists, to the hem of her lustrous black silk. Her magnificence consisted, though, not in her clothes; neither in her coiffure nor in the perfection of

her grooming. Molly saw that at once, even while she shivered into nothingness in comparison. No, she was innately and predestined magnificent. It was in the very way she stood on the threshold—the quietness of poise, the set word in presence. One had not far to seek where her son came by his sureness of motion, his serene as a god above a storm."

To the latter she addressed herself, without noting, apparently, that there was anyone else in the room. "Greg dear, the telephone is really getting too much for me, and, besides, you know you're due in the court room at eleven."

"Yes, mother; I'm just coming. But—while you're here, I want you to meet Miss Shannon."

He stepped a little to one side that there might be no further supposition of Molly's not being seen. "Miss Shannon, my mother."

After a barely perceptible pause the older woman bowed—slightly.

She was looking rather over Molly than at her, and she did not advance a step farther into the room.

Molly bowed also—in silence.

"Miss Shannon, by the way, is going back to school on Monday," he added, unperturbed by his mother's evident disapproval of Molly and all that had to do with her. "We've just agreed it's the best possible thing. He turned to Molly with a humorous question in his eyes. We have agreed haven't we?"

"At least you have," she answered soberly.

"It comes to the same. And mother—I want you to ask Miss Shannon to have dinner with us as soon as she feels up to it—say tomorrow evening or the evening after."

There was a second pause, more portentous than the first. In the air was a measuring of swords. Molly felt it—over her head—as plainly as though she heard the clank of steel—why, she asked herself, dully resentful, should they be crossing swords over her? She didn't want to have dinner with them. She didn't want anything—but to be left alone.

At last Sarah Cochran said slowly but with meticulous courtesy, "I shall be glad to have Miss Shannon any time she cares to come, I'm sure."

Her eyes were fixed, not on the prospective guest, but on her son.

CHAPTER XVIII

Stephen Renfro's marriage was still a nine days' wonder, on everybody's lips, at the reassembled university. Wherever Molly went she knew his name was whispered. Curious, speculative, no doubt pitying glances were exchanged behind her back. Occasionally some one more inquisitive—or less considerate—than the rest spoke of him to her. Here and there a darker suspicion raised its head, a suspicion never lacking where a woman has been scorned and thrown aside. There was Miss Brian too. She never said anything, but her very existence was a silent reminder, an unintentional reproach.

All that did not matter so much—once the first dreadful step was taken. Molly soon found she was in a practically seamless armor of apathy and indifference, which turned aside each recurring blow. She

held the friendly and the curious alike at arm's length, went her way and asked nothing of anybody but to be let alone. The truth was, one poison had killed another.

To keep spoken was her only salvation. Across her tiny room she went continuously back and forth while she conned her lessons or in the corridor moved up down, up and down, to the rhythm of French verbs and Latin meters. Every hour she could spare she was out of doors, walking feverishly, driven by her own particular allotment of furies. She covered every foot of road and trail and open country within reach again and again; walked until she was so spent she could not choose but lie quietly at night, even if she did not sleep. More often than not, when Gregory Cochran was in town, he would drop by the dormitory after the study hour, and the two of them would walk round and round the 'perip' until bedtime—Molly's bedtime was early. Frequently not a word was spoken. He was notably the least talkative man in the state.

Mrs. Parker knew nothing of what had taken place after Molly left her house that August evening save what Cochran saw fit to tell her of an 'accident' in the street. He did not mince words particularly as to her own omission in letting the girl go out alone—under the circumstances. This weighed but lightly, however, on Mrs. Parker's ricocheting spirits. Assured that her protégée was in no serious danger—though she could not be moved for some weeks—her elasticity hopeful of mind leaped at once to the gratifying conclusion that the 'band of the Lord' was in it. Before Gregory Cochran broad and well-tailored back was fairly turned on the boarding-house he was a marked man.

As months passed and Cochran's kindly oversight of Molly's fate showed no signs of faltering off, elation waxed to such triumphant intensity that she could not refrain from some hint of her prophetic imaginings—with the hope, no doubt, of having them confirmed. "Just wait 'til Stephen Renfro sees you in the Governor's mansion!" she exulted openly one day when Molly had dropped in for a little kitchen visit. The visits were briefer and farther apart of late. They seemed not to have so much to talk about. "I reckon that'll make him sit up and take notice!"

Molly looked at her for some moments in blank and unlightened silence. Her mind groped vainly for any intelligible point of contact. She had, of course, heard Gregory Cochran named in connection with the governorship, but no relation between that fact and herself had ever occurred to her. It did not occur to her now.

"Please," she concluded earnestly, you must not only never say such a thing again; you mustn't even think of it. I'm no more to him than a half-drowned kitten he's pulled out of a slimy pond and warmed back to life. He's as impersonal as—as God."

Mrs. Parker shook her head, faggedly unconvinced, but she agreed straightway to keep her own counsel, and Molly passed on to the business which had brought her over. She had saved fifteen dollars toward repaying the money she owed. "I wish it were the whole seventy-five," she said, opening her handbag and taking out the bills. "I know how much you need the money."

The other pushed the money back across the table with floury hands, numbingly absently that she was not to bother her head about it. Far removed from such gross and earthly matters, she was rapidly envisaging Molly in a trailing velvet gown, hair done high, and jewels at her throat holding grand levee in the Governor's mansion. "You don't owe it to me, no-how," she added, still from the depths of her trance.

Molly stared. "What do you mean? I don't owe it to you?" she demanded. The fairy godmother raced back from the Governor's ball, minus her coach and four, and arrived somewhat panicky and out of breath. "Why," she stammered, "I wasn't thinking."

"If I don't owe it to you," Molly persisted, not taking her eyes for a instant off the scared old face, "to whom do I owe it?"

"Oh, shocks! I wasn't paying any attention to what I was saying," Mrs. Parker pooh-poohed, manfully. "Of course you owe it to—"

"To whom do I owe it?" Molly repeated, her voice chilling with the certainty of the truth.

Mrs. Parker was like a game little rat, hopelessly cornered, but with lots of fight left in her. "Well, you know, Stephen Renfro he was always at me—wantin' to lend me money for you. . . . He knew how, bad you needed it."

"Oh . . . Molly turned with a violent movement and walked over to the door which opened on the back yard. After a considerable silence she said, "It was he, then, who gave me the money for these. . . . She indicated without looking at them the suit, shoes, hat she was wearing. They were the only respectable ones she had."

(Continued on page five)

NOTHING TO CONCEAL AS TO ITS AGE AND METHOD OF MATURING

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CHURCH DIGNITARIES PAY VISIT TO CANADA



FOLLOWING the Eucharistic Congress held recently at Chicago, several Princes of the Church visited Canada before returning overseas. The top picture was taken on the arrival at Montreal of the Eucharistic Congress, on which the dignitaries travelled from Chicago. From left to right are: Mgr. A. E. Deschamps, Auxiliary Bishop of Montreal; Sir Henry Thornton, K.B.E., Chairman and President, Canadian National Railways; Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, Belgium, and permanent president of the Eucharistic Congress; His Eminence, Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris; His Eminence, Cardinal Charost, Archbishop of Rennes in France; Mgr. Chantal, Bishop of Paris; Mgr. Thérèse, secretary to Mgr. Heylen.

The lower photograph shows as they alighted from the C.N.R. train: Mgr. Heylen; Mgr. du Bois de la Villere, Archbishop of Rouen, France; Mgr. Deschamps; Cardinal Charost; Mgr. Belanger, Pastor of St. Louis de France, Montreal; Cardinal Dubois; Mgr. Greut, Bishop of Mans, France; Mgr. Laynaud, Archbishop of Algiers—Canadian National Railways photographs.

WAINWRIGHT GAS CO. LTD.

Notice to the Public

The work of staking out the townsite for the laying of the mains is now completed, and the pipe will all be here by the end of the week.

Applications for services for natural gas should be filled in as soon as possible, so as to cause no delay when connections are being laid out from the mains.

Cook with Gas :: Heat with Gas

ECONOMICAL, CLEAN AND CONVENIENT

Wainwright Gas Co. Ltd.

STAR OFFICE BUILDING

WAINWRIGHT

Applications may be signed at the office of The Wainwright Star

Some Real Buys

Singer Sewing Machine,
five drawers, and in A1 condition

Steel Frame Couch
complete with mattress

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Good Six-hole McClary Range
with hot water tank and heating oven

HEATERS, STOVES, CHAIRS
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BLUE BELL CREAM SEPARATOR

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(OPPOSITE PINE HALL)

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Wainwright

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HAMBURGER, PORK ROAST
RUMP ROAST, ETC. ETC.

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our new Wagons & Trucks, both wood and steel wheels; ideal for bundle wagons. New Grain Tanks will arrive soon, well made at attractive prices.

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WE HAVE WOOLY SWEATERS FOR THE BOYS & GIRLS
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ARE HERE, IN A TRULY WONDERFUL VARIETY OF
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AND SHARTEST YOU WILL FIND IT AT

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United Church of Canada WAINWRIGHT

Rev. G. G. Pybus . . . Pastor

11 a.m.—Morning Service.

12 noon—Sunday School.

7.30 p.m.—Evening Service

Anthem—"Praise my soul" (Goss)

The Choir.

Solo—"I heard the voice of Jesus"

(Hall—Mrs. Doug. Browne)

Subject—"What think ye of Christ?"

ST. LUKE'S (R.C.) CHURCH

Pastor . . . Fr. R. G. Lemaire

Mass is celebrated at Wainwright at
9 a.m. At Paradise Valley each 1st
Sunday, at Heath each 2nd & 4th
Sunday and at Gilt Edge each 3rd Sunday

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Meets every Monday night at
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Visiting brethren always welcome

Next Meeting—Third Degree.

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GOOD SINGER CANARIES FOR
sale; well bred; \$6 and \$7 each;
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diamond" on right shoulder, and "23
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wants position as housekeeper or
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Mary had a little lamb,
You do not look surprised;
Of course you don't for Mary has
been widely advertised.
Something you may learn from this
If you are not a clam
You can be just as widely known
As Mary and her lamb.
Your name can be a household word
And you be known so well,
That folks will confidently buy
The things you have to sell.
And when you once have got yourself
Into the clearing rays
Of the sunlight of publicity,
You bet your life it pays.

FULL PRIZE LIST

OF WINNERS AT

WAIN. SCHOOL FAIR

(Continued from page 1.)

Class 42: Maple cream candy—I.

Schieck (W), 1; R. Horne (W), 2.

Class 43: Baked rice pudding—A.

Brown (A), 1.

Class 44: Cooking, (aged 11 and 12)

Doughnuts—M. McIntee (Gr), 1.

Class 45: Baking powder biscuits—

A. McDougall (Gr), 1; B. Bowerman

(W), 2.

Class 46: Ginger bread—B. Bower-

man (W), 1.

Class 47: Drop cookies—B. Bower-

man (W), 1; A. Carsell (W), 2; G.

Ebbert (A), 3.

Class 49: Oat cookies—E. Haywood

(A), 1; E. Cork (W), 2; C. Horne

(W), 3; M. Schieck (W), 4; M. Eb-

bert (A), 5.

Class 51: Apple pie—C. Horne (W)

1; M. McIntee (Gr), 2; M. Schieck

(W), 3; E. Cork (W), 4.

Class 52: School lunch—A. Carsell

(W), 1.

Class 54: Cleaning mitt—J. Duns-

more (W), 1.

Class 57: Knitted scarf—I. Schieck

(W), 1.

Class 59: Apron—M. Seabrook (S)

1; M. Schieck (W), 2.

Class 63: Hem-stitched towels—

M. Parker (G), 1; N. Pickard (W)

2; E. Reich (W), 3.

Class 64: Knitted stockings—B. Syl-

vester (W), 1.

Class 65: Thrift problem—C. Horne

(W), 1; B. Bowerman (W), 2; M.

Horne (W), 3.

Class 66: Model of fruit—J. Sar-

gent (HL), 1; R. Sargeant (HL), 2.

Class 68: Paper cutting—D. Plater

(HL), 1; J. Jackson (HL), 2; M.

Jackson (HL), 3; P. Hughes (HL), 4.

Class 71: Simple landscape—C. Sar-

gent (HL), 1; L. Hughes (HL), 2.

Class 72: Landscape (gr. 3)—M.

O. Horton (W), 1; A. McKeever (W)

Plater (HL), 1; P. Sargeant (HL), 2.

Class 73: Box making—Q. Yooke

(W), 1; A. Carsell (W), 2; D. Wil-

kins (W), 3; B. Reid (W), 4; I. Schieck

(W), 5.

Class 74: Drawing—H. Renville

(W), 1; G. Beupre (W), 2; L. Sar-

gent (HL), 3; E. Pickard (W), 4.

Class 77—A. Kinghorn (S), 5.

Class 75—J. Sargeant (HL), 1; G.

Valleau (HL), 2; G. Taylor (W), 3;

E. Pickard (W), 4; G. Mills (W), 5.

Class 76: Still life group—M. Beck-

ett (W), 1; A. Adams (W), 2; D.

Wallace (W), 3; C. Lory (W), 4;

D. Tansley (W), 5.

Class 76a—G. Valleau (HL), 1; 1.

Sargeant (HL), 2.

Class 85—G. Ebbert (W), 1; E.

Stell (W), 2; I. Schieck (W), 3; A.

Carsell (W), 4; B. Coffield (W), 5;

B. Carroll (W), 6; A. Dundas (W), 7;

M. Tolmie (W), 8; Mae Tolmie (W),

9.

Class 86—C. Aykroyd (W), 1; E.

Haywood (A), 2; J. Davison (W), 3;

M. Hone (W), 4; I. Mills (W), 5; L.

Goulet (W), 6; D. Forster (W), 7;

C. Lowery (W), 8; E. McLuhan (W),

9.

Class 87—P. Hughes (HL), 1; M.

Jackson (HL), 2.

Class 88—L. Hughes (HL), 1; I.

Jackson (HL), 2; C. Sargeant (HL),

3; M. Plater (HL), 4; I. Sargeant

(HL), 5; P. Sargeant (HL), 6.

Class 89—G. Valleau (HL), 1; M.

Bisson (W), 2; E. Pickard (W), 3.

Class 92—L. Towce (W), 1; S.

Kinghorn (S), 2; E. Stadshaug (S),

3.

Class 94—M. Plater (HL), 1; P.

Sargeant (HL), 2.

Class 95—M. Reich (W), 1; H.

Leroux (W), 2; I. Schieck (W), 3; J.

Dunsmore (W), 4; C. Sargeant (HL),

5; C. Sargeant (HL), 6.

Class 97—Grade VI. class, Wain-

wright, 1.

Class 100—P. Boudreau (W), 1; B.

Reid (W), 2; A. Dundas (W), 3; M.

Tolmie (W), 4; M. Reich (W), 5;

Q. Yooke (W), 6.

Class 101—K. Kinghorn (S), 1; B.

Carroll (W), 2.

Class 102—E. Cork (W), 1.

Class 103—A. Kinghorn (S), 1; F.

Nelson (W), 2; W. Taylor (W), 3;

M. Seabrook (S), 4; W. Dewar (S),

5; M. Rowe (W), 6.

Class 104—M. Mone (W), 1; M.

Shew (W), 2; M. Haire (G), 3.

The classes referred to above are

those as set out in the provincial

bulletin for school fairs. The school

districts were as follows: W—Wain-

wright; R—Fabyan; HL—House Lake

G—Gerald; Gr—Greenshields; A—As-

cott; and S—Sydenham.

In the sports events the following

were the winners:—



Best of all Fly Killers—10c and
25c per packet at all Druggists,
Grocers and General Stores.

Running broad jump (under 12)—

V. Ganderton, 1; J. Prior (G), 2; R.

Coffield (W), 3.

Class 71: Simple landscape—C. Sar-

gent (HL), 1; L. Hughes (HL), 2.

Running broad jump (under 14)—

O. Horton (W), 1; A. McKeever (W)

Plater (HL), 1; P. Sargeant (HL), 2.

Running broad jump (open)—V.

Walton (W), 1; Horton (W), 2; V. Gand-

erton (W), 3.

Hop, step and jump (under 12)—V.

Ganderton (W), 1; R. Ganderton (W)

E. Pickard (W), 3.

Hop, step and jump (under 14)—

O. Horton (W), 1; T. Rattray (G)

V. Ganderton (W), 3.

Hop, step and jump (open)—Wal-

ton (W), 1; Horton (W), 2; V. Gand-

erton (W), 3.

Boys' 50 yds (under 8)—M. Jack-

son (HL), 1; A. Rattray (G), 2; R.

Sargeant (HL), 3.

Girls' 50 yds (under 8)—D. Plater,

(HL), 1; S. Kinghorn (S), 2; J. Jack-

son (HL), 3.

Boys' 75 yds (under 8)—J. Rattray (G), 1;

Jackson (HL), 2; P. Sargeant (HL),

3.

Girls' 50 yds (under 10)—M. Plat-

er (HL), 1; L. Haywood (A), 2; E.

Ebbert (A), 3.

Boys' 100 yds (under 12)—J. Prior

(G), 1; V. Ganderton (W), 2.

Girls' 75 yds—B. Cardell (W), 1;

McQuaker (A), 2; G. Ebbert (A),

3.

Boys' 100 yds (open)—V. Walton

(W), 1; C. Worthington (F), 2; K.

Snyder (W), 3.

Girls' 100 yds—E. Haywood (A), 1;

M. Ebbert (A), 2; C. Horne (W), 3.

Relay race (four pupils)—Gerald

School, 1; Wainwright, 5 & 6 room,

2; Wainwright, 7 &

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TO-DAY'S prices place the best that radio offers within the reach of everyone. DeForest & Crosley, through large production, have achieved new standards of value. And a moderate down payment puts any set in your home.

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Wainwright Pharmacy

PHONE 46

LIMITED
MAIN STREET

A Superb Dive Against Superb Scenery



One of the most remarkable photographs ever taken in the Canadian Rockies, a work of art that blends in equal proportions beauty, grace, poise, in one unique effect against a background of noble mountain scenery, is shown here where Miss Lydia Pulcher, fancy diver, is portrayed high in air poised like a bird as though flying over Saddleback Mountain in the infinitesimal fraction of a second before she strikes the water of the pool.

The swimming pool where she is staging her great art is the newly constructed one of Lake Louise, about 50 feet long and 8 feet deep. There are springboards at different heights to suit the expert or amateur diver and the water is warm enough to attract those who are chary of attempting the cooler swimming in Lake Louise itself.

Miss Pulcher champion of the Calgary Swimming Club is a true rival of the Canadian West. She learned to swim in the Canadian Government's great pool, "The Cave and Basin", at Banff when she was a mere child. She became a champion last year at the Banff Winter Carnival when swimmers were diving into the Cave and Basin filled with hot sulphur water from Sulphur Mountain, when the temperature outside was hovering around the zero mark, while the water of the pool was well within summer temperatures.

Golden Cocoon

(Continued from page 2)

"Well, the distraught fairy god-mother admitted unwillingly, 'It began the time your father died. I didn't have a red cent, and you had to go...'

"That too... I' Presently Molly faced round and came toward the cook table. 'Don't think I blame you,' she said quietly. 'I know you only did what you thought was best for me. But—I've got to plan some way to return that money. I'll be going now...'

In her room at the dormitory she tore the clothes off and flung them intolerantly from her. They were no longer new.

Seventy-five dollars... For all her resources to pay, the sum might as well have been that many thousands. The fifteen dollars she had offered Mrs. Parker meant going badly without a raincoat and the sacrifice of her most precious books. There was not another book that could be sold, not a cent to be squeezed from anywhere. Her scholarship covered merely the necessities; the little that she was able to pick up from coaching went



"Ten dollars—!" she echoed in a small, stunned voice. He shrugged. She could take it or not.

to her mother. She had never owned a piece of jewelry in her life. Yet somehow Stephen Renfro must be paid.

Sitting in her underthings on the edge of the bed, she looked up and caught her reflection in the mirror opposite. Was there anything of her very own that she might sell. She leaned closer to the mirror and scrutinized herself attentively. Her teeth were sound, white—flawless as Stephen had often said. Faintine in Les Miserables had sold hers, but that was a long time ago. They couldn't have had false ones then. The obvious asset, of course, was her hair. She took out the pins and let it slip a shining, blue-black veil far below her waist. It was very thick and slightly curling at the tips. Perhaps they would buy that.

She twisted it up again hurriedly, brought from the closet a frock long since relegated to second best, pinned on a sailor, almost as old as her own career at the university, and went out.

There were less than half a dozen hairdressing establishments in the town, and at every place it was the same story—repeated with either a condescending or a pitying smile for her incredible ignorance. Hair was not being worn. It had gone out of style—this with a supercilious glance which intimated how hopelessly out of the mode Molly herself was. What little was used, peasants in Europe furnished at a few cents a pound.

Make Your Own SOAP and Save Money!

All you need is water, fat and GILLET'S PURE FLAKE LYE



Full Directions With Every Can YOUR GROCER SELLS IT!

But—surely they would give her something for it, she insisted despairingly at the last place. The proprietor shook his head, the while he eyed her curiously up and down. No, it wouldn't pay them to bother with a single switch, not even if she gave it to them. Her hair was quite worthless to everybody—except—possibly herself! But as she was going away, absolutely crushed, a slender, coiffed blond head was thrust out of a cubbyhole. Its owner looked once at Molly, twice at her hair, and beckoned to the man. It seemed there was by the merest coincidence a customer who wanted that, color—Molly's heart leaped. How much would they give her for it, she asked eagerly.

"Oh, by stretching a point, maybe as much as ten dollars. The man made an impressive gesture.

"Ten dollars...!" she echoed in a small, stunned voice. He shrugged. They were only anxious to accommodate her.

He shrugged. She could take it or not. Twenty minutes later she came out of the shop, feeling light and queer and intensely conspicuous. Her pocket was heavier by only nine dollars.

They charged a dollar—this she learned after the deed was done—for cutting it off. Of the avarice and cruelty of the shopkeeping class to those who are in distress she knew a little already. She was to know more.

She was not thinking of that now. She sat down on a bench in the Capitol grounds, took out her small store and counted it. Fifty-one dollars was lacking still. She put the money back in her bag and sat gazing despondently at the ground. She had nothing else to sell—yet the seventy-five dollars must go to Stephen Renfro before she slept.

After a time, a newspaper, sprawling where some former occupant of the bench had left it, claimed her dispirited attention. She picked it up and glanced indifferently at the front page then turned slowly toward the want column.

A half hour later, she presented herself at the larger of the city's two hospitals. To the girl at the desk she indicated one of the advertisements in the paper. This says that one of your patients needs some blood from a young, healthy person and is willing to pay for it. Do you think he would pay as much as fifty-one dollars?

The girl stared even more curiously than the proprietors of the hair dressing places had done. Her stare took in the shabby dress, the clipped hair, the ancient sailor. 'I don't know,' she said, moving away rather doubtfully. 'I'll ask Doctor Rodney...'

Directly, a young and pleasant-faced doctor appeared. He gave Molly a brisk, businesslike once-over, which registered also the short hair, the old dress and sailor—and something besides. 'Come in here,' He opened the door into an inner office.

He motioned her to a chair and sat down opposite—at his desk. 'You don't look as if you had any more blood than you need yourself,' was his blunt comment, after a second and keener inspection. 'I need the money worse,' she said simply. 'Do you think they will pay as much as fifty-one dollars?'

"Well, one can hardly put a price on that sort of thing... He shifted a little at the desk to get a better angle. 'In fact, it's not usual to pay for such services at all, but—this patient happens to be a man of means. He wishes to offer some compensation. I can't say precisely how much...'

Anything less than fifty-one dollars won't do me any good,' Molly spoke not less bluntly than he had done a moment earlier.

'Fifty-one dollars, huh—well—that's quite a lot, you know,' He gave her another intent glance. 'Just a minute—I'll see...'

Before Molly slept that night a money order, with the briefest of lines

Mr. Parker's handwriting, was dispatched to one Mr. Stephen Renfro at an address in New York City.

CHAPTER XIX

Molly's graduation in June came off in a small blaze of glory. There were among other things, offers of

Eastern fellowships, but these she did not allow herself the luxury of even considering. Some months earlier she had applied for the principalship of the two-teacher Laws' Chapel school. The salary was less than she might have had elsewhere, but she could make it count for more at home and—her mother needed her. Aunt Lena wrote that she had not been so well of late.

Toward the end of Commencement week Cochran brought an invitation to tea. Molly mistrusted that it had been won by a species of coercion, but she did not wish to rebuff his kindness. She presented herself at the appointed hour, and was received in state by the mistress of the place—not more condescendingly, perhaps, than the difference in ages warranted.

The courtesy and ease with which the son of the house was handing her her glass of iced tea was as infused as the keen blue of his eyes or the effect of massiveness when he moved. A vision of the noisy, crowded, ill-managed home to which she must soon return obtruded itself of a sudden and without realizing that she did so she sighed.

'What's that for?' Cochran asked, with a smile. His mother had been called out of the room, and he brought his own glass of tea and set it on a corner of the mantel a half dozen feet from Molly's chair. He left it to grow warm, in fact, while he stood looking down thoughtfully at his



"And thus—we meet again!" he murmured.

'I was just wondering,' she admitted 'how many generations it would require to make a person of quality out of a Shannon...'

He laughed. 'Whatever put such an idea into your head?'

'Oh, all this,' She indicated the room, the house. 'You—your mother, Cochran shifted his position at the mantel and took up his glass of tea. Laws' Chapel, that's the name of your home, isn't it? It has a nice ring—peaceful, industrious, thrifty...'

Molly laughed. 'Yes, it's what the Fourth of July orators call the backbone of the state!'

'You're poking fun at campaign orators, Miss Molly.'

'No, but when one reads of things like this late oil scandal—well, I had heard the handsome Senator declaim so eloquently about love of country and all that... She threw out her hands in an expressive gesture.

Cochran nodded. 'Such lapses on the part of public servants do rather take the edge off one's patriotism don't they?'

'I suppose that's it. You see—I've tried to make herself intelligible—I've always loved my state—loved its huge—its virility, its colorful history. When we studied about it in school, I used to picture it to myself like a fair white knight—only the knight was mounted on a bucking broncho instead of a charger, with a lasso over the saddle horn and a bowie knife in lieu of a sword!'

Cochran was smiling. 'I'm afraid your fair white knight is in danger of falling among robbers and thieves,' he said.

Where he stood, his back was toward the door into the hall, and his breadth of bulk cut off Molly's view also in that direction. In consequence they both started a little when an indolent, deep drawl—familiarly indolent—took up and echoed the last words: 'Who's talking about robbers and thieves?'

Cochran glanced over his shoulder—then quickly at Molly, who, after the first movement of surprise, had not looked up. The next instant he turned to greet the newly arrived guest.

His mother was just coming back into the room. At her side was a young and handsomely gowned woman—blond, plump, a trifle explosive if the small torrent of vicious chatter which she was aiming at Mrs. Cochran could be taken as characteristic. She was the girl Molly had seen in the box.

(Continued next week)

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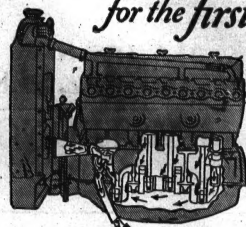
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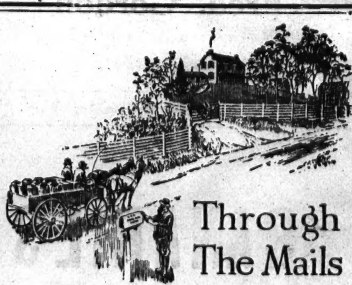
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HAPPENINGS OF LOCAL INTEREST

A very pleasing addition to the regular music at the United church on Sunday evening last was the beautiful violin, number, "Aurel's Serenade" played by Mr. Alec Adams.

Mr. F. Fish was a business visitor to the city over the week end.

Mr. John Gano, formerly of town but now of Unity was receiving acquaintances here last week end.

Mr. and Mrs. Sargeant, from Barrie, Ont., are here on a short holiday paying a visit to their daughter Mrs. H. Western.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank McLeod were up to Edmonton for a few days last week end on business and pleasure combined.

Drop in for afternoon tea on Saturday at the restaurant, where the W.A. of the Anglican church will hold a sale of home cooking.

Mr. F. Stolt is now improving his newly-acquired property on Second avenue by the addition of a good substantial fence around it.

The Young People's league of the United church are planning to open their fall season activities by holding a hike and corn roast at Mott lake on Tuesday evening next. They will leave the church at 7.30 p.m. and all young people are invited to join in and share the fun.

Radio tubes tested free on our new Hoyt tube tester regardless of where you bought your set. Wainwright Pharmacy, Ltd.

A nasty accident befell little Marjorie Mackenzie on Monday when she tripped and fell on her way to school. She sustained a cut over the eye which required some stitching, but luckily no glass from her spectacles entered the eye, and she is now doing nicely.

Arrangements are now being completed for the holding of special "Rally Day" services in connection with the Sunday school of the United church on September 26th.

Order your Newcastle-Drumheller's best coal-form the Atlas yard. You will get full satisfaction. Joe Welch; phone 57.

We are sorry to know that Mrs. Fred Lane of the Grangendale district has had to be taken to the hospital in Edmonton for medical attention and wish her speedy recovery to health.

Don't miss that Mass Meeting in the theatre on Sunday evening next. In addition to the addresses on the hospital question, a short musical programme will be offered. Commences right after church—9 p.m.

Mr. Gene Tory was busy last week unloading a complete threshing outfit consisting of a Minneapolis tractor and separator for Mr. Sam Byers of Ribstone.

Threshers lien note books at the Star office.

We learn that the Wainwright Operatic society are preparing their next offering for early presentation. This will be "Once in a Blue Moon" and is to show for two nights.

A number of the local Hospital Board accompanied Mr. Whiston, of Edmonton to the meeting which was held in Rosedale Hall last Wednesday. After the meeting, Mrs. Avison entertained the speakers to a delightful lunch at her home, which was much appreciated.

Fine Stationery and Chocolates

We are showing a New Shipment of HIGH-CLASS NOTE PAPER, in boxes from 50¢ to \$1.50 per box.

A Fresh shipment of "SMILES & CHUCKLES" CHOCOLATES

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DRUG STORE**

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Wainwright

Westinghouse 55 set uses less battery than any other set which is an important item in time. Let us show you where you are saving money by buying this set. Wainwright Pharmacy Ltd.

The L.A. of the United church now have set dates for their annual big fall efforts. The Chicken supper is on October 7th, while their annual bazaar is dated for December 4th.

Mr. Ed Patterson arrived home from Winnipeg with his bride last week end.

Miss May Stouffer, of Irma was a week end visitor to the home of Mrs. W. Robinson.

The Atlas Lumber Co. have a big stock of lumber for your granaries, bins, bundle racks, and grain boxes. Their prices are the lowest. Joe Welch, mgr.

Mr. Jack Alderman is now driving his new Chevrolet coach, and made a trip to Viking on Sunday to visit relatives there.

The W.A. of St. Thomas' church will hold their sale of home cooking in the restaurant on Saturday next, Sept. 18th from 2 to 6 p.m. Tea will be served and all are welcome.

Read well the Hospital scheme advt. on page 3 of this issue, then get out and work for the project, and prove that the Wainwright district is worthy of this most necessary adjunct to civilization.

The family of Mr. Jack Cruse, drill er at the Western Consolidated well, are now living in the Russell house on Queen street.

Mrs. Rowland and her children, from Clyde, Alta., are paying a visit to Mrs. Rowland's mother, Mrs. J. Gehring.

Mr. and Mrs. Jules Bamelis are enjoying a visit from Mr. J. Schlitz, from David City, Nebraska.

Master Lawrence Goulet left last week to commence his studies at the Jesuit college in Edmonton.

Mr. Bart. Fraser and his family left last Thursday for Winnipeg, making the trip in their McLaughlin sedan.

Mr. Len Watkins was assisting at the post office last week during the holiday of the postmaster at Chauvin.

Threshers lien note books at the Star office.

Mr. N. Beaupre delivered the first load of new wheat to the local elevator last Saturday, although lots of threshing has been done a few miles further east. Of course, he got No. 1 for this, but it was a splendid sample just the same.

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The Biggest Circus Picture Ever Made.

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MONDAY AND TUESDAY—SEPTEMBER 20th & 21st

FIRST NATIONAL Presents

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